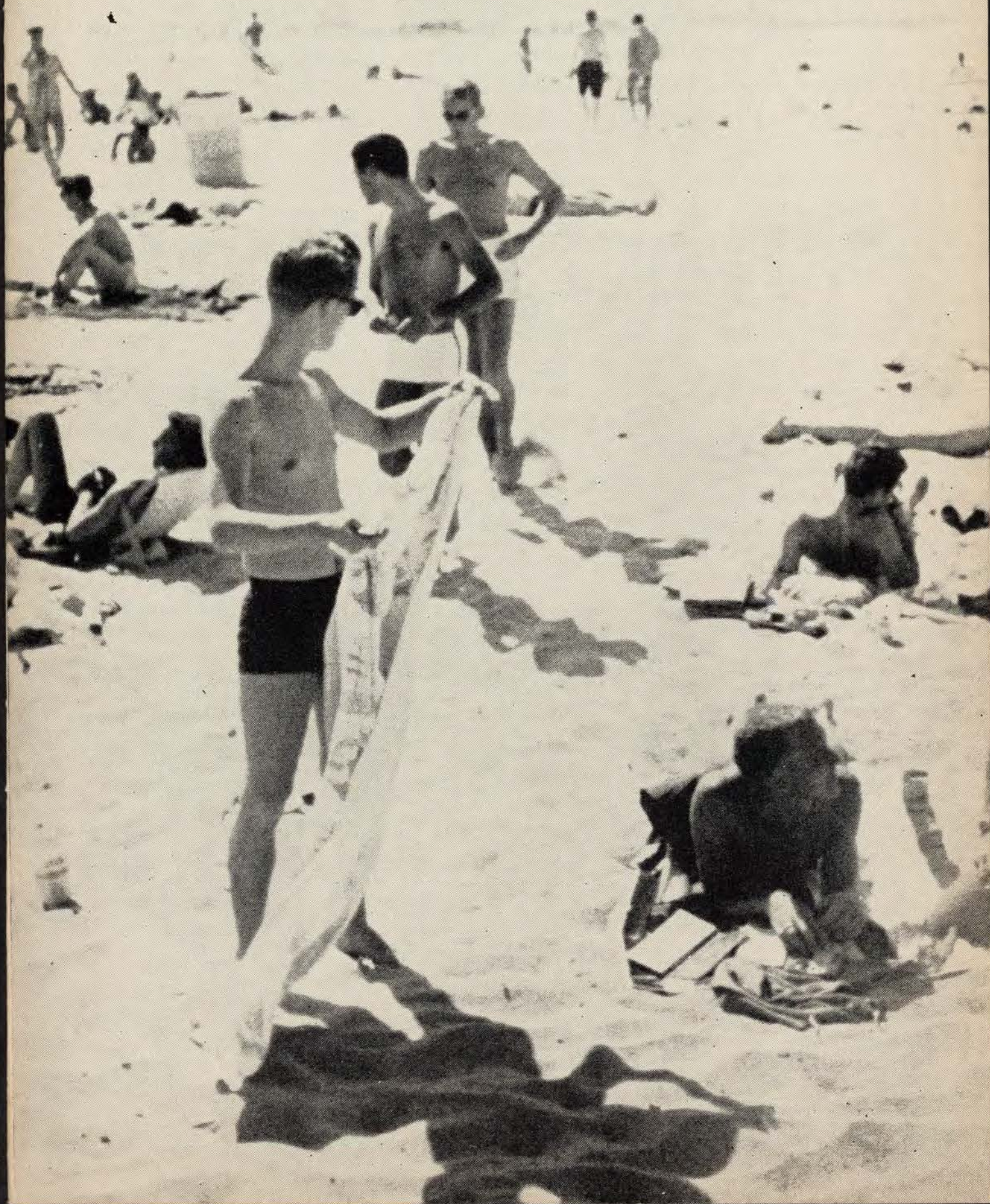


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JULY 1958
FIFTY CENTS

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT



one incorporated

FOUNDED 1952

A non-profit corporation formed to publish a magazine dealing primarily with homosexuality from the scientific, historical and critical point of view . . . books, magazines, pamphlets . . . to sponsor educational programs, lectures and concerts for the aid and benefit of social variants, and to promote among the general public an interest, knowledge and understanding of the problems of variation . . . to sponsor research and promote the integration into society of such persons whose behavior and inclinations vary from current moral and social standards.



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" . . . a mystic bond
of brotherhood
makes all men one."

Carlyle

magazine

Volume VI

Number 7

July 1958

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COVER PHOTO: Fred Frisbie

EDITORIAL

There are men who are homosexual. There are women who are homosexual. Scarcely profound statements, it might be thought, yet in practice many male homosexuals have as little to do with women as possible—any women, and couldn't be less interested in lesbians. Ugh! they say. On the other hand there are lesbians who just couldn't imagine themselves voluntarily associating with men, much less a bunch of male homosexuals.

If our psychologist friends are in any degree right about the neuroticism of homosexuals, here would appear to be a most fertile breeding ground for neuroses—twin groups, each clinging tightly to its own little closed society, eyes tightly shut to even the existence of the other twin. Whether neurotic or not is really beside the point. The fact is the whole attitude is absurd. At least that is the attitude ONE has taken from the very beginning.

In the days when the Corporation was being planned, as an organization devoted to the welfare of homosexuals, it was unanimously agreed that this meant men and women, the basic question being homosexuality, not what the two sexes might be thinking about it. And so a woman was on the staff of ONE Magazine then, and women have been on its staff ever since. There have been women as voting members of the Corporation taking a part in shaping policies, helping to chart its course. Women have been in the classes at ONE INSTITUTE. A woman was elected Director of the Corporation and has served as Chairman of the Board.

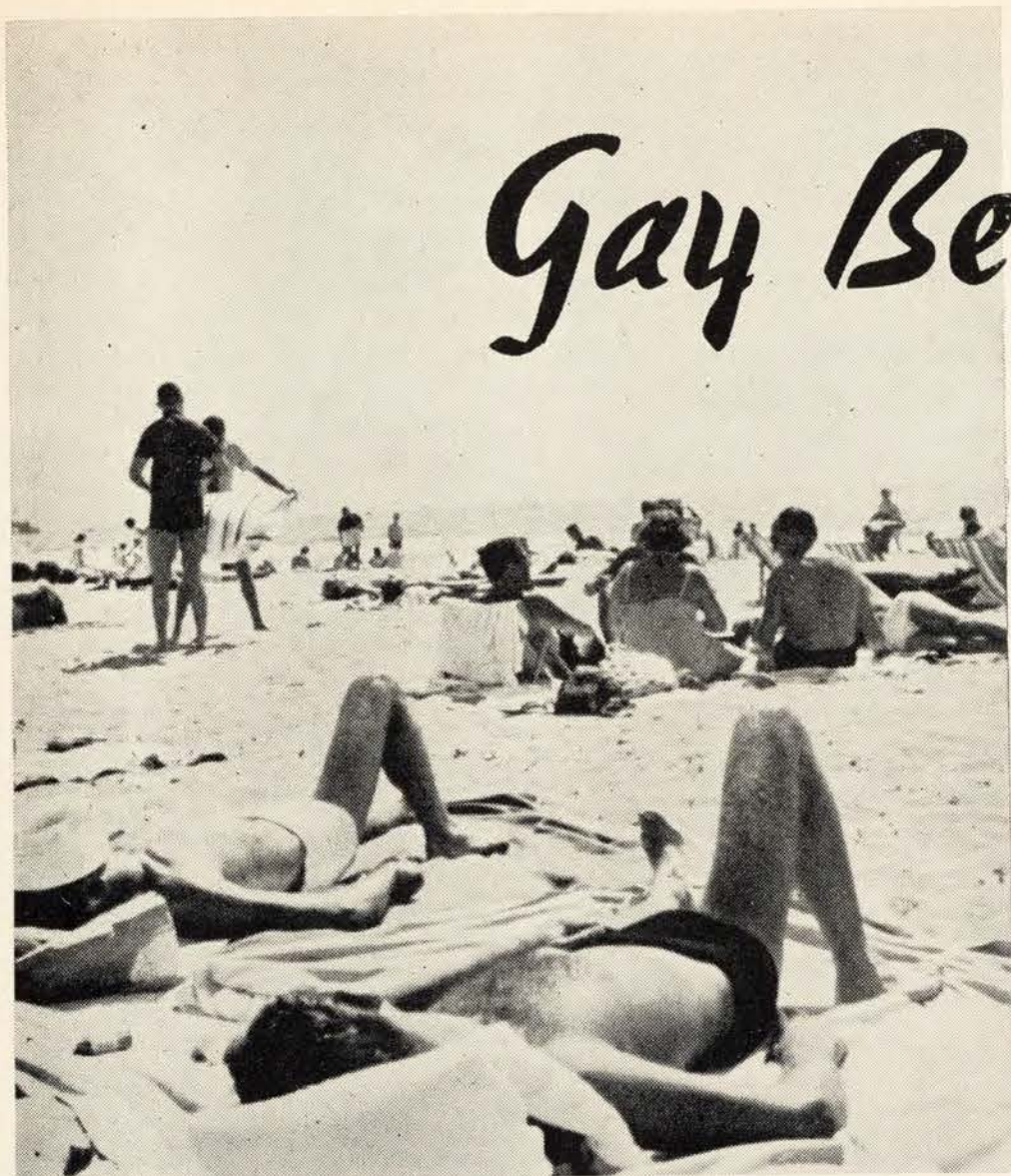
To us all this seems only natural. Evidently other homophile organizations do not in all respects agree. At least a number of them take quite different positions. In this country the Mattachine Society has had few women in its various chapters, although welcoming them. The Daughters of Bilitis, as its name implies, excludes men from membership, although admitting them to certain of its public meetings.

In Europe, women appear to be welcomed and take some part in a number of the homophile organizations, notably in Holland, Norway and Sweden. Their position at present in Danish, French and German organizations is less clearly defined to the casual observer, while in Switzerland, Der Kreis, the oldest and one of the largest of all the organizations does not admit women either as members or as participants.

Here, at ONE, we feel that there has been far too much disunity and lack of togetherness among homophile organizations already. Without subscribing to the school of thought which feels that honest differences of approach should all be submerged in the interests of having a single "big and powerful" organization, it still seems to us healthier to recognize that homophilia and homosexuality are questions of common concern to both men and women. Why then get off into separate corners to work? Why should we not learn to work together, even if there might be some areas in which our problems and needs are somewhat different.

The men and women of ONE have found it fun working with each other in the various divisions of the Corporation. We have each learned much from the other, and are convinced that it is not only pleasant but sensible for us to work side by side at our tasks. We like it that way.

Alison Hunter, Associate Editor



Gay Beach

by
**Frank
Golovitz**

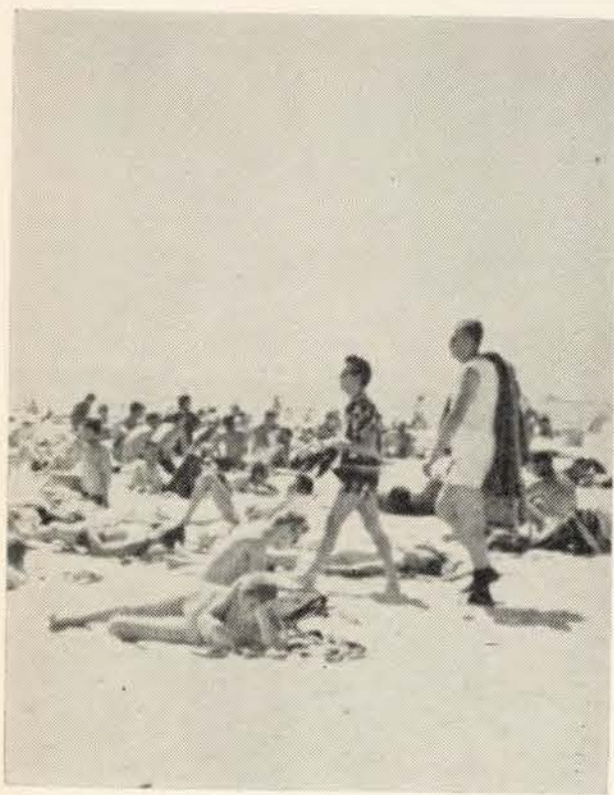
I hadn't gone near a gay beach for years when Marty and I drove out last summer to one of California's most famous. It was a long pleasant drive out the Boulevard and it seemed that quite a few others were going our way—a red convertible with two sun-baked blonds; two sporty lesbians in an MG; a carload of screaming queens

We arrived early. The frustrating hunt for parking space almost soured Marty for the day but his buoyancy returned as we collected our towels

and all the sun lotion, slippers, cigarettes, keys, glasses and stuff he carried along, and headed for the jammed area that was one of the world's major gay beaches.

Marty, who idealized homosexuals en masse much as intellectuals used to get dewey-eyed about the toiling masses, was awestruck at the sight, though it was familiar to him. "Look at that!" he said with a sweep of his bronzed arm. "Doesn't the sight of that crowd thrill you? Right out in the open, hundreds of *our people*, peacefully enjoying themselves in public. No closed doors, no dim lights, no pretense.

"I often lie awake nights wondering how long it'll take our group to become aware of itself—its strength and its rights. But I hardly ever appreciate just how many of us there



really are except when I come here. Except for a few minutes on the Boulevard after the bars close, this is the only place where we ever form 'a crowd,' and there's something exciting about seeing homosexuals as a crowd. I can't explain how it stirs me, but I think beaches like this are a part of our liberation."

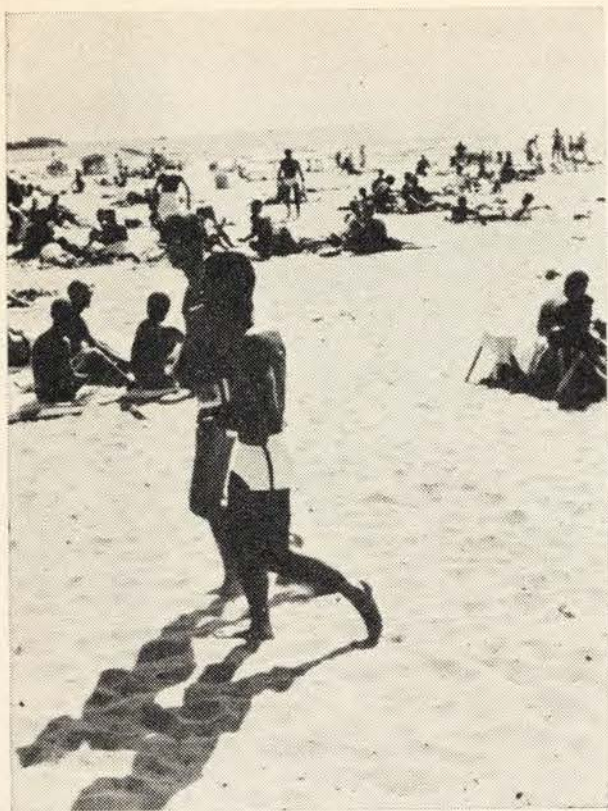
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Without quite sharing Marty's rapture—I used to be fairly cynical about gay life when it got too open—I had to admit it was an impressive sight, even though I didn't realize immediately that the whole crowd was gay. It was the largest crowd of homosexuals I'd ever seen. But like an untrained passer-by, I'd never really seen this beach before. When I passed, I had merely noticed a few clusters of "obvious" gay kids. Even among ourselves, we keep expecting most homosexuals to look swish.

We mingled. Or rather I let myself be led around meeting Marty's friends (I did run into one guy I used to work with in a railroad office—I'd never suspected him but out at the beach he was camping wildly). An air of familiarity, which I felt without sharing, ran through the whole sector of the beach. I stood around, looking at the remarkably handsome bodies, the colorful beach togs, the posturings, the camping, the occasional flirtations and frolics, listening to conversational inflections, straining to see the title of a book—odd how many were reading on the beach here. For a moment I felt embarrassed at the very things that thrilled Marty. All this display of gaiety, I thought, would be better hidden away in some smokey bar.

Marty was still bubbling and in spite of my inhibitions, I became infected with his enthusiasm, though my behavior remained stuffy. Yes, this was something. This was gay life, honest, open, positive and self-accepting. I tried to analyze my own reasons for not liking it at first. Was I still so bound by fear and shame that I preferred to have homosexuals slinking around in dark places?

Bang! My reverie was kayoed as an attractively wiry life guard and an Italian husky who were wrestling and chasing one another bumped into me and knocked me flat. After profuse



apologies, which I frankly enjoyed, they left and I went for a swim. All my philosophizing was washed out in the water and I felt merged with the great, playful crowd, shouting, diving, swimming, jumping waves, shooting spray at boys I'd never been introduced to, exchanging comments on the size of an oncoming wave, becoming entangled with two brawny dykes and riding the waves with them awhile, diving for handfulls of mud and colorful clams, and sending sprays of water at anyone who came within range. I came out of the water happy and exhausted, flopped in the soft sand and slept

Joe and Jim, a look-alike, dress-alike couple I knew, woke me. Happily married (seven years), they shared a distinctive home. Joe managed a small factory and Jim was an accountant. They were devout Mormons. They were as enthusiastic about the beach as Marty, but for other reasons. "We never go to gay bars," Joe said. "Aside from entertaining, and returning visits, where else can we meet people? There aren't many respectable places to meet other nice homosexuals."

I asked if they approved of some of the things that went on, camping, cruising and exhibitionism.

"What things?" Jim asked. "Just forget that these people are homosexuals and ask yourself if anything goes on here that doesn't go on at every beach? Intermix the sexes and the behavior here would be mild for a church picnic back in Iowa. Of course there are some folks in every group that take advantage of things, but you can't blame the whole group for that."

Several years ago in another city I accidentally discovered my first gay beach when I saw a "NUDE SUN-BATHING" sign on a bathhouse. It took me a few trips to the beach to screw up enough courage to go in and inquire. They had cots on the roof. I got sunburned in some new places and tried in vain to ignore some of the things going on, chiefly in the dressing rooms. I kept to myself. Many of the men were attractive, and several, attractive or otherwise, were making a deliberate display. One fey young thing was prancing about in slippers, carrying a towel. However, most of the sunbathers were concerned chiefly with sunbathing. The place and the gay beach around it drew me like a magnet till I was scared away by rumors of repeated police raids.

The damp hallways of such places contrast sharply with the healthy, open atmosphere of the gay beach, and thinking back to the unpleasant old bathhouse, I could share Marty's elation about the beach, and also agree with Joe and Jim that there really was very little reprehensible behavior on this beach.

The United States has hundreds of miles of fine public beaches. I guess homosexuals like to go swimming as much as anyone else, and there is something about the beach that makes one want to discard the mask and give up the defensive pretense that is second nature with most homosexuals.

There must be six or eight million homosexuals in this country, so it's not surprising that here and there—one narrow sliver of Miami Beach, another in Santa Monica, Laguna Beach, Provincetown, the "Indiana dunes," and a few spots like Fire Island—a few cramped areas have come to be known as "gay beach," "faggot's beach," "queer alley," "bitch beach," etc. But in all the learned clap-trap I've read by so-called authorities on homosexuality, I don't recall any realistic description of a gay beach. The "authorities" prefer the clammy atmosphere of the bathhouse or the clandestine bar.

There's a lot of difference between a gay bar and a gay beach. For one thing the beach is more truly "gay" and in a much healthier sense. And although some are "on the make" the percentage isn't as high as in the bars. Nor is the tension. With rare exceptions, a beach is out in the open, and as Marty said, it is probably the only place where large mixed groups of homosexuals can be freely observed "acting natural." And class boundaries fall away even more at the beach than in other sectors of the gay life.



Ronnie Chaise, an angel-faced, willowy young bank clerk I met at the beach that summer, exploded one Sunday when a husky married couple

and two noisy kids settled down near us, looked around a bit, then muttering about "damned queers taking over the place," picked up bag, baggage and brats and headed for a more moral beach. Ronnie had just come, slim and dripping, out of the water and was settling down on his towel when he heard them. "Well, go somewhere else if you don't want to be contaminated," he howled. "You've got fifty miles of beach around here and this is all we've got. So disappear!"

His antagonist managed one parting shot, unprintably suggesting that all homosexuals should be locked up and castrated.

Ronnie boiled all afternoon. "Did we hurt them? We don't say anything about the way they behave on the beach. But just let one queen raise the pitch of her voice and it's a public scandal."

I suggested that he'd offended them—hardly good public relations.

"I offended *them*? They offended *us*. Why always put the blame on this side? They started it. We weren't doing anything to spoil their day, except existing. Let them go somewhere else. This is our beach. It's small and crowded, but it's ours."

"What claim do we have to it?" I goaded him. "The cops and the papers don't think it's ours. And those people had just as much right here as we have."

"Rights, hell. You have the rights you earn. So we don't have a spelled-out legal title to this hundred yards of sand, but neither do heterosexuals have a title to all the rest, or any right to chase us off here, like the police try to do every once in awhile. They've taken squatter's rights on the rest and we've taken squatter's rights on this. And if they don't want us 'contaminating' the rest of their beaches, then they'd better leave us alone here."

"Nobody told those people they

couldn't spend the day here. They objected to us and left. But there are plenty of other heteros around here that mind their own business, or maybe even enjoy our company."

There was justice in his argument. In my Texas coast home town, with four miles of good sandy beach fronting the city, the Negro third of the population had only one block of poor rocky beach and another little strip eight miles from town. And they resented intruders in their own little zone. I asked Ronnie if that was what he wanted for us, a tight little ghetto.

"Of course not—in the sweet by and by. We want the right to go where we please. But homosexuals haven't even gotten as far as the Negroes. We've got to make people admit we're human first. With that guy that just left here it's not a question of where we should swim and where he should swim. He thinks any beach is too good for us and that we should all be in prison for life.

"We've got to establish our right to have our own little corner, and when guys like that accidentally stumble into it, we have to see they act decent or get out fast, or we won't even have this. Later we can take up the crusade against segregation. Now come on, let's go out and plunk in the water. I want to get cooled off. I didn't come out here to talk politics."

The next week-end, Ronnie was his usual bubbling self. We ran into almost everyone we knew, and he at least knew them by the hundreds.

Marty was there. My neighbors Wally and Harry were there with a couple of eye-shattering young huskies bouncing a beachball—though there was hardly room for that sort of thing. Paul and Terry, two young engineers I knew (Paul was a tall, traffic-stopping redhead and was wearing a brilliant new *snug* swimsuit that came almost to his knees) were busily directing the construction of the most

elaborate sand castle I'd ever seen. A bevy of queens were watching (Paul or the sand castle?) "Isn't that just the most beautiful thing you ever saw?" One was straining to get away. "Oh, come on Tillie Mae, your sister wants to damp her tootsies."



Jo Anne and Virginia were there with their kids. I'd met Jo Anne the month before at Barry Donalsen's—she was Barry's ex-wife. It was a "marriage of convenience" that proved inconvenient. Now she and Virginia were raising the six-year-old boy and a pixyish girl of four. I'd wondered if a lesbian marriage was a good background for youngsters, but the girls were conscientious, and the kids love it—they got plenty of warmth and attention, especially on the beach, where everyone adopted them.

We ran into Barry later. He was breathless about a new musical his group was putting on. He and Jo Anne and Virginia had once danced together. He was with a fully dressed solemn-faced, tense young writer who was second-guessing everyone's horoscope, and a plump pleasant girl who was reading *Les Fleurs du Mal* and griping about her husband. Barry was also a mine of assorted gossip. I asked him what he thought about the beach, and he went into a metaphysical lecture about the "group soul." He

said that only when homosexuals habitually assembled in great numbers to absorb one another's feelings, resentments, aspirations, "auras" and "adhesiveness," could they really begin to develop a group-consciousness and a worthy role in history. At least that's a rough translation of what he said. I couldn't follow some parts of it.

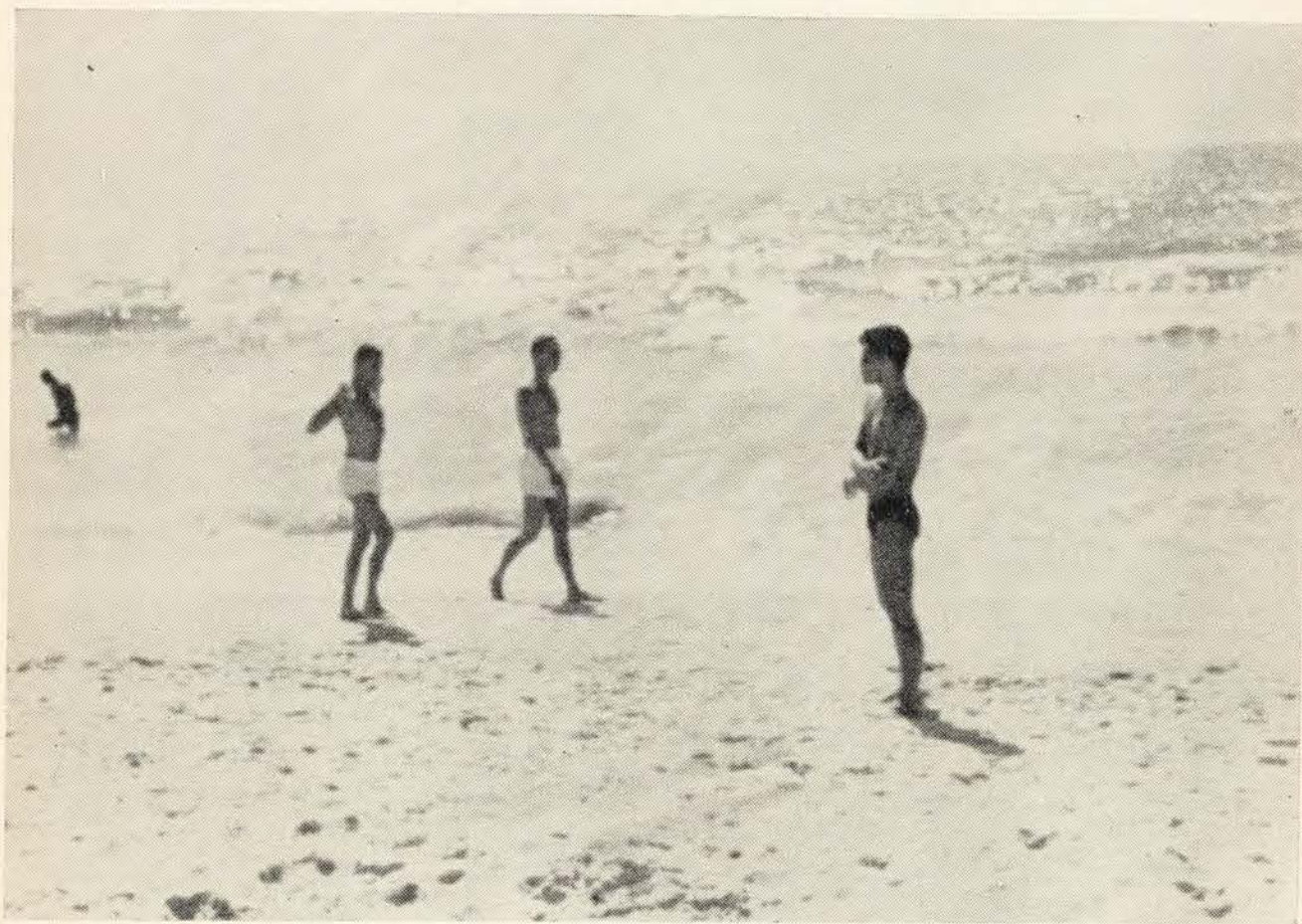
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A real nelly one was camping it up in a large crowd of Bikini-clad youths nearby. I knew one of them, Billy Forsing, slightly, and Ronnie wanted an introduction, so we went over and joined them. I didn't hit it off too well. Like an importunate reporter, more concerned with analyzing the beach than enjoying it, I asked the nelly one if he thought it gave a very good impression to make such a display in public.

"Well get this one!" one of the others shrilled, and most of the bunch quickly flounced off for a swim, leaving Ronnie and me with Billy and George, the nelly one. He turned on me like an angry cat. "You're darned

right I camp it up out here. Why not? It's about time these yokels learned to face the fact that we exist. I'm tired of hiding it. I work in a prissy office where half the guys in the place are really belles, but they'd all faint dead away if anyone dropped a bobby pin. I come out here to let my hair down, and I let it down good. Anybody else out here is here for the same reason, or else they've come to see the show. Show they want—show they'll get—from me at least." With that, he upped and did a quick imitation of a strip teaser saucily showing her backside to the audience, and ran off to join his friends.

Then Ronnie and I took off for one of the gay bars facing the beach—and those bars are different from any other gay bars I've ever seen; they're really a sort of extension of the beach—and then wandered down for a look at biceps-bumpers that were exhibiting their rippling muscles farther down the beach. And that place in itself is something to write about . . . some other time.



ROUGH TRADE

This pretty boy is kept, and sells his body
To pay the rent—for rings, a car, free toddy,
His is a rough trade, adding new scars
To twisted feelings from rejected childhood,
Wherein no constant image earned his love,
And where no step-relations understood.
Free rent, free rings, free liquor—
Poor substitutes, eheu, for mother's paps!
He needs a girl so bad to prove his manhood,
The IDEAL GIRL, if he could only rape her
Once a night, he'd prove his point perhaps.
Opulent Aunties breed such inner guilt
He picks the scapegoat queen and cracks his skull,
To fortify his feeling of himself as He;
A drink, a gun, and other manly gear
Prove then in public he is no damn queer.
Our sissy boy grows anti-social, tough,
Hooligan aggression leads to jail and bail,
Until the Analyst at last will call his bluff.
He merely wanted money, but that was not enough;
Eros escaped him. Love is not for sale.

Brother Grundy

WORDS THAT HURT

by Matt Kent

I completed the final examination and looked over my paper till I felt a hand touch my shoulder and Joe said, "Let's go." I walked with him to the subway station, as usual, but I found it more difficult than ever to wear the mask that had let me associate with him as a casual but warm friend.

We talked about the algebra examination (our mutual hatred of the subject had brought us together and sustained our friendship) until we approached the subway. "Will you be here next year?" he said, reaching for my hand. I told him no, that I would have to work and would be unable to return to the university in the fall. He said that was too bad, and soon he was gone.

I could not go to my room. Not now. I turned and walked to the dining hall, losing myself in the crowd. I piled everything on my plate that I would want, had I been hungry—turkey, peas, congealed salad, and strawberry shortcake. Then I went to a table in the corner and looked at the food and thought of the four months that had just passed. . . .

When I arrived in New York, ostensibly to attend the university, actually to escape the Southern city that was about to expose me as a homosexual, I could think of nothing but sex; I was caught in the vicious circle of indulgence and guilt that only those who are reared in the most conservative of religious traditions can know.

Finding myself unable to concentrate on my studies, I turned to a psychiatrist, a Dr. Belk, whose views on homosexuality were well known.

"Your problem is not homosexuality," he told me; "it's guilt. You've got to quit this self-blame . . ." And finally I did. I quit blaming myself when I found in Joe the friend I wanted and sex lost its importance.

I liked him above all others, but it took two months for us to get acquainted. Then he began to sit by me in class. Occasionally we would have lunch together. Nothing more. But sometimes he would sit close to me, and he would put his arm across my shoulder. Everything he said, on whatever subject, including algebra, he said with a certain tenderness. He learned my first name and from that moment prefaced every remark with Larry. "Larry, that's a good idea . . ." I never had any but good ideas. I never made any but the right decisions.

I wondered.

But I did not push things. I found in him what I needed at this critical period in my life; I didn't want to chance losing him. When I was tempted to go off on a sex binge, I needed only to think of his warm greeting, to see his face, his brown eyes looking into mine, or the touch of his hand brushing my shoulder.

I did not see Dr. Belk anymore. I was quite capable of meeting the demands life made, now that I had recaptured my old interest in literature and I was concentrating on my studies. More, I had made progress toward self-acceptance. And I had Joe.

Still I did not push things. The climax would come of its own accord, in due time; but when it came two weeks before the end of the semester, I was not prepared for it. We were at the blackboard working algebra problems. "Larry, I'm getting married next month . . ." As casually as if announcing that he was going to a movie that evening. The way his eyes danced told me that he was in love with her. I don't think he noticed my change in mood; I had learned long before how to hide my reaction to words that hurt.

Two weeks remained. What then? To be what I could to him, to suffer because I could not be more, to postpone the chance of finding love elsewhere—whatever the price, I would pay it, if he wanted to be my friend. But the decision was not mine to make. It was his. He made it that afternoon, as we walked to the subway, when he reached for my hand and said—

"Will you be here next year?"

JON'S GREEN EYES:

A quiet color,

Like milk-green marble,

And clear

As mint liqueur.

D. R. E.

THE FEMININE VIEWPOINT

by and about women

As for heartache . . .

Dear Jo:

Hi, darling. Your recent letters got tangled up, so that I received the second one, before I received the first. Anyway, they both make more sense, now. (You're the only person I know who writes these "continued in our next" letters! Anyway, I'm not complaining. Just keep on writing, please.)

You mentioned Jerry, and how heartbroken she is over the termination of her gay marriage. Yes, she is. I happened to meet her the other day; and she has managed to contort her pleasant features into a mask of sorrow. She even slumps a little now; and, when I saw her, she was

wearing a soiled shirt, open at the neck. (Remember how fastidious she used to be?) I would describe her condition now as a complete mess. And she blames it all on Marge. Her continuous cry is: "Oh, if only Marge hadn't left me!" The reason why Marge did decide to leave her is not clear to me. They seemed to be enjoying an ideal relationship. And, certainly, twelve years is not exactly an overnight romance! They must have shared many beautiful experiences during those years; they must have imagined that they were "part of each other," and the tearing asunder is what has affected Jerry. Because, foolishly, Jerry has thought herself to be part of Marge; and now, she feels that a part of her is missing, a vital part. But is this feeling real love, or is it a maudlin possessiveness; an unhealthy attempt to merge into one, that which cannot, either physically or spiritually be merged. We human beings, with our sense of individuality, have no right to assume such impossible blending; it just can't be done. Many of the things in nature are permitted to merge, physically, completely; and can never again be treated as separate; nor can they be torn asunder! Because they are

basically, definitely one. But human beings cannot do that; and they shouldn't even try. We all know . . . at least, we should try to remember that there will come a day when the closest of us must be parted. We arrive completely alone, into this crazy old world; and just as alone, we are expected to go forth from it. We humans cannot merge; we cannot be one with another human being. We are alone; separate entities; and anything else goes against our most precious possession, our individuality. I cannot be you; and you cannot be me. I belong to myself; and my thoughts belong to me; any possession of either me or my thoughts constitutes an infringement on my rights as a human being. We may share; but we cannot . . . must not possess. There is a secret place in each of us, where we are completely alone at all times. And this is as it should be. We are not metals, we are not shrubbery; we are not gasses, or liquids, or chemicals. We are human beings. Created separately. Intended to remain that way.

Now, as far as the heartache is concerned . . . let's take a look at that to see what it really is. It certainly must be false, because it is the outgrowth of a false supposition to begin with . . . the erroneous idea that any human being can be incorporated into another human being. It stems from selfish possessiveness; and not from love. Real, true love stands away from its object, blessing it, hoping for the best, urging it upward and onward; loving it. The one who knows real love cannot sit weeping. The very surge and beauty of love raises anyone to heights of joy! Even in the face of death, true love can sing! Because true love has only joy and singing to bring to us. True love knows only gladness. And even though it may have only a memory left, it is joyous, because it is real. Only false love, selfishness, can sit and mourn. When we are not glad for our love, whether it be past or present, we do not know love. The little child runs to his mother crying: "Me first! Me first!" And the mother smiles at him, indulgently; and when he bursts into tears, the mother consoles him tenderly. Why? Because he is a little child, and knows no better. If a grown son acted in the same manner, the mother would seek professional help for him; and she would be justified. Only the mature feeling is true love; and only the mature-minded person can know this feeling. (Remember that maturity has nothing to do with the years that a person has lived. Some of us never attain it; and some others seem to have been born that way!!) We who sit around weeping because our loves have flown, resemble the small child, whose only thought is for himself. If we sorrowing ones would only raise our heads, and wipe the tears of self-pity from our eyes, we would realize what an illusion heartache really is! And we would realize, also, that weeping, or feeling sorry for ourselves in any way, is a waste of good, God-given time; hours of our lives, flowing away; hours that could certainly be put to use in many constructive ways, that would benefit us a lot more than weeping. Besides, weeping, or being hurt, or sorry for ourselves, or resentful, or sad, has never in the history of the world changed anything. And that feeling we may have, gnawing at our grief-stricken hearts, is not caused by love; it is created out of angry frustration, that we cannot have our own way. And it is the height of selfishness! We are like the little child crying: "Me first! Me first!"

Well, so much for that. When are you coming home, darling? You know I dislike my own cooking; and eating out is so expensive. Besides, I miss you terribly. Sometimes, I feel like a part of me is What am I saying? Anyway, please come on home.

Love,

Jay.

if one needs

RELIGION

by Allen Windsor

One's viscera has more to do with his religion than most realize. There are other factors which determine one's religion, of course—geography, environmental conditioning, family influence, etc. But basically if one's biological makeup leads him to be the cool, reflective, and intellectual type like Adlai Stevenson, there is every chance that he will be a Unitarian rather than a Jehovah's Witness. And if he is a searcher for order, absolutes, and *the* truth like Bing Crosby, there is every chance that he will be a Catholic rather than a Congregationalist.

As a matter of fact, if God Himself were to declare, in a front-page editorial of *The Times*, that a particular religion or a certain bible were the only "true" one, can you imagine how overnight there would be hundreds of millions of unhappy human beings who necessarily could not make the emotional adjustments to the new "true" religion. Assume that the announced "true" religion were Hinduism, and can you imagine the nervous breakdowns which would be experienced by Cardinal Spellman, Nehru, Eisenhower, Sartre, Elvis Presley, or Jane Russell in abandoning their old religion in order to please God? How would the reader react under similar circumstances?

Recognizing this, most sane individuals do not try to "missionary" their religious beliefs, for they are insufficiently proficient as biologists to

predict whether or not anyone else would be satisfied with any specific variety of religious belief. Similarly, the individual on the streetcorner who attempts to convert all others to his point of view is fighting against hopeless biological odds, which explains his rare successes.

The homosexual who searches for a religion, then, should keep in mind that he is searching not for a religion that has worked for others but for one which will work for him. Already on the market are several hundred choices devised to suit the most varied of biological tastes, and if none is attractive the individual can always tailor-make his own. However, two points appear to be quite evident:

—The homosexual who is comparatively happy with his present religion by all means should hold tight.

—The homosexual who is partially satisfied with his present religion should try participating more wholeheartedly.

These are "evident," because most of us are simply not constructed biologically and emotionally to withstand the tremendous impact which comes when one switches religions.

The following observations are also advanced:

1. THE CATHOLIC should be "sure" that that to which he changes is as constructive as that from which he changed; there might be a tend-

ency for the rebellious Catholic to settle upon a negative atheism; such an individual might profitably read Emmett McLoughlin's *People's Padre* (Boston, Beacon Press, 1954).

2. THE PROTESTANT who feels he must switch would probably do best to choose one of the other Protestant sects. The conservative Lutheran could switch in the direction of liberal Congregationalism, or vice-versa; and only those who particularly feel the insecurity of Protestantism's individualistic approach should make the change to Catholicism. For suggestions, read Leo Rosten's *A Guide to the Religions of America* (NY, Simon and Schuster, 1955).

3. THE JEW will probably switch, if he must, to one of the other branches of Judaism—the Orthodox, the Conservative, the Reconstructionist, or the Reformed—and only rarely will he change to Ethical Culture or agnosticism.

4. THE MYSTIC will probably be the least likely to want to change, for few of us are brought up to be mystics, but he might want to switch his yoga or investigate the Rosicrucians.

For those taking the big step, that of radically changing their religious outlook, a word of caution is advanced: unless you are an above-average rational and intellectual animal, don't attempt the change. But if you must, here are some choices:

1. THE LIBERAL CHURCHES are minorities themselves and sometimes welcome homosexuals, depending upon the particular congregation in your community. Certainly the leaders for civil liberties and civil rights are active within these societies—which include the Friends, the Ethical Culturists, the Universalists, and the Unitarians.

2. THE AGNOSTICS are becoming an ever-increasingly larger group, particularly on the campus, and anyone who enjoys the writings of H. L. Mencken, Robert Ingersoll, or Ber-

trand Russell might well be happy making up his own agnostic outlook on religion. In Leo Rosten's *A Guide to the Religions of America* (NY, Simon and Schuster, 1955), read Bertrand Russell's essay on agnosticism.

3. THE NATURALISTIC HUMANISTS would be a good choice for the ultra-intellectual, particularly if he is a psychiatrist, teacher, scientist with an interest in the humanities, or humanities man interested in the sciences. This group is interested in setting up an entirely new ethical code, as evidenced by Erich Fromm's *Man for Himself*, Walter Lippmann's *A Preface to Morals*, Julian Huxley's and H. G. Wells' *The Science of Life*, and John Dewey's *Ethics*. It is possible that this philosophic movement will come the closest to answering the criticisms of religion written by Donald Webster Cory in his *Homosexual in America* than any other. (*The Humanist* is a bi-monthly published in Yellow Springs, Ohio, for \$3 annually.) [See "Homosexuality & Scientific Humanism" by T. M. Merritt, ONE, Feb., 1958.]

To the author, any formation of a homosexual pseudo-religious cult which hopes (See *One*, April-May, 1956, p. 15) to "get the homosexual masses marching together in closed ranks, chanting, 'We are God's chosen people,'" is destined to be as pointless and futile as would be a United Christian Church of Brunettes or an International Buddhist Order of Circumcised Vegetarians. Anyone who has read Emerson's "Self Reliance" or Durant's *Story of Philosophy* could not become so serious over religion—for nothing is more arbitrary and relativistic than religion, and if one definitely *needs* religion he can make no mistake in his choice of church so long as he remains happy with his decision. If one does *not* feel the need for religion, he can utilize such nervous energy in social action or in other constructive endeavors.

The Successful Homosexual

Interviewed by
Chuck Taylor

(Names and places have of course
been modified)

Your name, please?

Wilbur O'Donnel. Call me 'Pete,' tho.

Pete?

I don't like the name, 'Wilbur.'

All right, Pete. Would you tell us your occupation?

I'm a carpenter.

Your age?

Thirty-two. Bet you didn't think I was that old, did you?

No, you look younger. How long have you been a carpenter?

Oh, all my life, you might say. I picked it up early from my dad and brothers.

They're carpenters?

Yeah. Only I went to school besides, took up building, you know? Roof framing, that's pretty tricky to figure out, and I hadn't had none of that too much, and I figured it would come in handy to know, so I went to school on the G.I. Bill, took it up. It's come in mighty handy since.

Are you a homosexual?

Sure. I don't go around letting on, but between you and me, sure.

Have you been successful at it?

Have I done it? Yes. Have I got caught? No. Have I been in a jam? Almost. So now I'm careful. I don't go out looking. If something happens, OK, if nothing happens, so what did I expect? You gotta be cool in small places. This ain't no big

city, and **everybody** knows **every-**thing about you. Or they think they do. You gotta let on, sometimes, do what they expect of you, to keep 'em guessing.

How do you react against this forced conformity?

I don't mind. Hell, no, I take out the girls once in awhile, you know, show 'em a good time. I have fun, too. Nothing serious. If you don't, they start talking, and asking infernal questions. 'Why don't you go out more? When are you going to get married?' That jazz.

Have you ever gotten serious about a girl?

Nawh. When I was a punk right outta school, yes. I went with a girl pretty steady. Nice girl, too. Stella. She was so nice, I didn't want to hurt her, you know what I mean? So I went with fellas for my satisfaction. Maybe I put it off too long, getting married, maybe I was already 'that way,' I don't know. I didn't think nothing by it. It was a — uh—

Substitute?

That's it. I still thought I liked girls. It never entered my head then, I was homosexual.

What changed you?

Going away to the army. I was in, like everybody else. I didn't do nothing, understand. But I picked up tales about what fellas would do, and I began to wonder if the jokes

and cracks I used to hear, there was something to 'em? Ya know? And another funny thing. Wait'll I tell ya. I — I'm kind of ashamed of it.

No. Go on, that's interesting, I'd like to hear it.

Well — I — I found myself noticing the fellas. I'd take to one or two now and again, shine up to 'em, ya know. I found myself getting shook up over fellas—imagine!

I know. Attracted.

Attracted, yeah. Wanting to — you know.

What type of fellow?

They had to be tall, masculine. That's what I liked. None of these fairy sisters you see ever interested me. They left me cold. Maybe sometimes I kind of hated them. I got it in my head they sort of spoiled things somehow, for the rest of us, by making a spectacle of themselves. I don't know why.

It's natural.

I don't do that. You notice? I don't do that.

You went with girls. Did any of them ever get serious over you?

Oh sure. Stella. That's why we had to break up. It's a good thing, too.

Why?

Oh, after I came back from the army, I was different. I'd been head-in' there, but now I was there, man. It's a blessed good thing we didn't get married just before I went into service, because for the life of me, I don't know how things would have turned out, with me like I am, and all.

What do you do now, do you go out with girls?

Yes. Once in a great while. Say every two weeks, no oftener. Maybe once a week sometimes. Depends.

Do girls have a tendency to get serious with you now?

Oh, yeh. Sure, if I let 'em. It's almost a game with some of 'em, you know? Try to catch a husband? You have to keep busy. And another thing. If you **are** going to date, date more than one at a time. It's tricky. They all want to get married. I don't go with one too long or too steady, because she pretty soon begins assuming.

Assuming what?

Things which ain't so. Things we never discussed doing. Because you see the same girl a few times, ain't really no sign she's yours, now isn't that so? But she figures.

How do you get out of it?

It's hell worming out of a situation like that, so I don't get myself hooked into 'em. I tell 'em it's just for fun we're going out. I have my other girls, too. Just for fun. I use that phrase quite often, 'just for fun.' I tell you, I don't intend to get serious.

Is this fair to the girls you go with?

Hell, they know it. Oh, I don't go so steady with none of 'em as they lose their chance at marriage. Fact is, I fixed some of 'em up. Yup. Pretty good matches, too. Figured this gal, see, would like to kinda go for a certain fellow I knew over in the next town, so's to make everybody happy, I fixed it up between the two, to go out on a date. That's the kindest thing I ever done to her. Nice boy. Would of liked him for myself, if he'd a had me.

Do you lead a satisfactory sex life?

Oh, I suppose so. It has its ups and downs like everything else.

Are you happy with it?

I'm not elated all the time, but I don't get down in the dumps too

often, either. I'll tell you why. I have two very good buddies, see? One, I never would have thought I'd feel romantic with. Things started, and we had sex just for the sex. Sometimes you need that, if nothing else. Then somehow—oh, he was a nice enough fellow—I became rather attached to him, like an old mongrel dog you have around the place and don't pay much attention to, until one day you miss it. I miss him when he's not around for a spell. He's convenient to have around, and we do things for each other. Besides sex, I mean.

What's your other buddy like?

He's different. He's romantic. I don't want to talk about him here.

Is it difficult for a homosexual to carry on a satisfactory sex life in a small town?

I don't know as it's any harder here than in the big cities, but I can say that some fellas can't operate here. They're too uncomfortable. If you're not for a little town, you better get out.

What's the most difficult problem you have to face here?

Putting up with the infernal questions. 'When are you going to get married?' That's what I have to face. Now they're beginning to call me 'the old bachelor.' Some say, 'He's too particular, no girl will ever satisfy him.' or they'll say, 'You better hurry up, or all the nice girls will be gone.'

What do you say?

Then I say, 'I figure that's what's already happened.' So they nod their heads and feel sorry for me, and say 'I told you so.'

What are your future plans?

I don't know. I haven't any.

About business, I have. Not about marriage. I'll go on this way. Suits me. Not perfect, but what can you expect?

If you could change something in the world, what would you change?

I'd shut the traps of the old women, some of the men, too, who are so smart, they think they know everything, and try to make everybody fit into their way of living, when some of them aren't doing so well, themselves. Opinion is very strong in a small town. In a bigger place, people aren't so sure about everything. They don't know quite everybody. It gives a person more of a chance, if he's different.

Thank you, Pete, for letting us listen to your views. The problem of the homosexual in the small town is obviously quite different from that of his comrade in the big city. It isn't so easy to find special friends. There aren't the opportunities for those who feel convivial to meet. There isn't the disinterested neighborhood where one can live anonymously. Worst of all is the prying eye and opinionated tongue of many inhabitants of small towns. They're not all like that, but enough are to make it uncomfortable for most homosexuals. It is a lonely life to be a homosexual there, unless one can make a more or less satisfactory sex arrangement, and at the same time, to a large extent, live as the town is living. Some homosexuals find this so difficult to do, they are happier in a big city. Others, like Pete, whose adjustment problem is not so acute, and whose private living and sex arrangements are not impossible, find a measure of satisfaction from the homosexual aspect of their lives, and at the same time are decent, respectable, contributing members of their society.

REGISTRATION

LAW

DEALT

BLOW

"A sex offender who has qualified for probation and has been released from 'all penalties and disabilities' as provided by the Penal Code, cannot be tried for a public offense if he fails to register a change of address.

"So the California State District Court of Appeals held in an opinion on file in San Francisco. The opinion was written by Justice Fred B. Wood, with Presiding Justice Raymond E. Peters and Justice A. F. Bray concurring.

"The opinion, which granted a peremptory writ of prohibition, is directly opposite to findings of the Attorney General's office, which held that it is mandatory for probationers convicted of sex offenses to register under the provisions of Section 290 of the Penal Code, even after their reports have been cleared through application of provisions of Section 1203.4, Penal Code."

The above is a portion of the introduction to the decision of the appeal case successfully argued by San Francisco Attorney Kenneth C. Zwerin. (For full exposition and text see ONE QUARTERLY for the Summer issue.)

In a letter to ONE Magazine Mr. Zwerin further explains: "For some time I have been disturbed over the provisions of Section 290 of the Penal Code, which requires certain convicted sex offenders to register with a law enforcement agency each time the offender changes his residence. I have felt the section was not constitutional because it made an arbitrary distinction between sex offenders and other convicted criminals and because, at most, this section is but a law enforcement technique designed for the convenience of law enforcement agencies, through which a list of the names and addresses of certain offenders then residing in a given community is compiled and that the disclosure is merely a compilation of former convictions, publicly recorded in the jurisdiction where obtained and, in the case of California, in Sacramento as well.

"A partial clarification of this section now exists as a result of the decision of the District Court of Appeals which has determined that the registration requirement is not applicable

to one who has been granted probation and subsequently had his probation terminated. In other words, the requirement of registration ended with the successful termination of the probation. The court refused to pass on the constitutionality of the section, holding that it was not necessary for its present decision.

"A great deal of credit," Mr. Zwerin continues, "should be given the San Francisco Adult Probation Officer who encouraged me to file the petition and to the individual who permitted his name to be used in the petition and was not abashed to have posterity ascertain that he had suffered a felony conviction for a sexual offense."

ONE Magazine has been arguing in

its pages the illegality of this section of the California Penal Code for some years now, and we are happy to see that, little by little, men courageous enough to fight out against discriminatory measures directed at the homosexual are at last coming forward. The chink in the armor of opposition is widening with every new blow. Attorney Zwerin who handled this case without fee, and who paid the costs of court, deserves more than the vote of thanks that it is possible to give him.

It should now be the duty and pleasure of every homosexual living in California who has been convicted of a sex crime which led to probation, to go to his attorney and have those technicalities performed which will release him from the onus of sex registration.

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BOOKS

BEHIND THESE WALLS, An Unusual Story of Prison Life by Christopher Teale, Frederick Fell, New York, 1957, \$3.

A plain unvarnished tale, pleasantly heartwarming, and essentially true, according to the introduction, about an older prisoner's concern for a soft young boy, who after a sudden and irrational crime of passion, is faced with a life sentence. Red, the youngster, is appealingly naive. Tex is described as almost completely amoral until his concern for the boy begins to ripen into a self-sacrificing love.

The story is told, sincerely and unpretentiously against a stark background composed in equal portions of the usual violent prison-revelations of knifings, escapes and all manner of larcenies, and an astonishingly frank catalogue of most aspects of homosexual life in a large prison. The big mystery that sustains the whole engrossing but sometimes crude account is the question: will Red ever get out—and without losing his virginity?

I frankly liked this, though there were spots where the plain tale could have been made more dramatic—and I must admit I added considerably to my gay vocabulary

Lyn Pedersen

THE DANGEROUS GAMES by Tereska Torres, Dial Press, \$2.75, 119 pp.

There are whores and there are whores. They are all thought of as bad, but there are some who are interesting and some who are low. The latter de-

scription fits Juliette, the so-called heroine of the book. Supposedly happily married with two charming children, she crawls out of one bed and into another. Upon discovery of her husband Frederick having an affair with a blond *chanteuse* called Francoise, one gets the idea of Juliette telling him. 'That's all right, honey, I'll have an affair with her, too.' She kisses Francoise on her cheek and thinks of going to bed with her. Poor Francoise tries to have an affair with Alain, whom Juliette thinks of as a homosexual. If he's a homosexual, *well really, my dear, they just don't carry on like that*. So Juliette, the minute her 'dear friend' Francoise's back is turned, leaves her happy home and goes to bed with Alain several times. Juliette calls this playing a 'dangerous game,' but she doesn't seem to want to stop. She has to jump out of bed in plenty of time to hurry home and kiss her children goodnight, and if she weren't on time, why it would just be unbearable. Alain goes away and she rejoins her happy home.

And they call the homosexual queer? And his so-called 'marriage' with another of his kind sinful?

Tereska Torres wrote the highly successful *Woman's Barracks*. She should have stuck to writing similar books on that theme. Save your money and buy your boy friend a bouquet of roses or your girl friend a box of cigars. The games you play afterwards won't seem so *dangerous*.

Arnell Larsen

THE CONFESSION, by Mario Soldati, Knopf \$3.00, 180 pp.

The orthodox thinker will see nothing but the bold work of the Devil in Mario Soldati's most recent novel, *The Confession*. On the other hand, the creative thinker will discover in this scenario-like, almost

slight story, one of the important pieces of contemporary fiction.

Using the heart of an adolescent boy as a foil against the stifling traditional concepts of sin and the human will, Soldati throws into high and dramatic artistic relief the fact that human authority, completely ignorant of its own limitations, has lost contact to a pathetic degree with the essence of the human problem.

The drama of young Clemente Perrier consists in the mad efforts of his rather pious family and his pompous Jesuit teachers to wrap his boy-spirit in mummy-clothes of 'sin' to the point of positive suffocation. Sin, of course, is Woman, and a boy's dream-like speculations on the opposite sex. Were Clemente a more mature person, this whole thing would be rather a colossal bore; but since he is that unpredictable mass of unshapen creative miracles that is every boy at fourteen, his drama reaches heights that are well-nigh unbearable.

And just at the point in any dilemma beyond which no one can safely go, Clemente's problem is suddenly resolved, easily, accidentally, in a brief human gesture, which no one could have foreseen. He happens to touch the naked hip of his playmate, Luisito, with the palm of his hand. Immediately the whole beautiful world of young physical innocence is known to him. And for the reader, this moment casts comically revealing shadows upon the huge bumbling corpse of industrialized morality—that organized stalemate which tries to force the idea of justifiable and holy war into the same brain in which it has already been at some pains to implant the commandment, 'Thou shalt not kill'.

With such a denouement, there is no need for Soldati to attack, berate, or judge anything or anybody. His method as a writer is descriptive, economical, highly dramatic, tinc-

tured with a blush of self-evident irony. This is beautifully seen in the fact that Clemente, to whom his playmate has been presented ardently by his confessor and his family as God's answer to man's sinful relationship to womankind, is, after all, unable to deny the truth of the words Luisito speaks to him in the midst of their first intimacy: 'Between us kids, it's not wrong!'

Rene

ONE INSTITUTE QUARTERLY: HOMOPHILE STUDIES,
James Kepner, Jr., Editor,
One Inc., \$3.50 yearly; \$1.00
single copy.

No contribution to the study of the position of the homosexual in human life seems to be more timely or more important than the appearance of ONE QUARTERLY.

The coverage of inquiry within its pages reaches into the outer areas of study. And the combination of sympathetic understanding and scientific objectivity is noteworthy. From James Kepner we have a sweeping editorial on the continuing struggle facing the homosexual; from Henry Hay, a scholarly monograph based upon long investigations of the Semitic peoples in the second millennium B.C.; from W. Dorr Legg a pin-pointing of some of the problems facing the serious student in the method of studying this subject. All articles are presented in a fashion marked by freedom from bias and dogmatic statement.

The need for such a periodical is all the more keenly felt when one realizes that no homosexual organization in the world is attempting to devote its attentions to the academic side of the homosexual problem. And it should be obvious to everyone that non-homosexual investigators have found it impossible to approach the

subject with any degree of fairness. Few exceptions appear to exist. Several wide areas of the homosexual question have had to be excluded from the other homosexual publications including the one you are now reading because of the more popular nature of their material.

We shall have to wait and watch ONE QUARTERLY. It is the only

way we will be able to claim open-mindedness in our evaluation of this new periodical. We shall have to see whether a strict, scientific study such as this, which recommends no direct practical applications, is scholarship that can offer us any plain lessons in a sane understanding of the homosexual.

Don Slater

BOOK SERVICE

COUP DE GRACE, by Marguerite Yourcenar, F.S.&C.....\$3.00

Coup de Grace is the second of Madam Yourcenar's novels to be translated from the French by Grace Frick in collaboration with the author, *Hadrian's Memoirs* being the first. *Coupe de Grace* has the same high quality prose as the earlier work but much greater swiftness of narrative.

THE SERGEANT, by Dennis Murphy, Viking.....\$3.50

Well-paced, skillful story of the seduction of a handsome young G.I. by his sergeant—up to the drinking buddy stage. Poor ending.

THE MOON VOW, by Dr. Hazel Lin, Pageant.....\$4.00

Why won't Mei Li go to bed with her husband? Dr. Wu finally gets a clue when she takes several gold balls out of another patient . . . Lesbians, that's it! Tedious, sometimes realistic, often ghastly.

THE PROBLEM OF HOMOSEXUALITY, by Chas. Berg and C. Allen, Citadel.....\$4.50

Despite good start and fair presentation of psychiatrists' viewpoint on subject, this gets a bit Berglerish. Discusses and includes full text of Wolfenden Report.

SEX WITHOUT GUILT, by Albert Ellis, Ph.D., Lyle Stuart.....\$4.95

While arguing for more sex freedom, Dr. Ellis still says homosexuals are neurotic unless they vary their sex-outlets.

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REPORT FROM BRUSSELS

At the end of May just past, ONE had a representative at the ICSE Congress in Brussels. Although Americans have attended some of the preceding four Congresses this is the first time an American organization has had official representation. Have homophiles enough social maturity to cast a critical eye now and then on some of their own institutions? If so, the Congress might be a good starting point.

For it strongly exhibited marked weaknesses—and some strengths. First of all, a secretariat-coordinating type organization such as ICSE should show itself strongest in exactly that, in coordination. Yet, what happened? The entire order of the announced program was changed around on the opening day, and some of the speakers never did arrive. Homophile organizations in United States have never permitted themselves such informality. In the many Midwinter Institutes held by ONE and the Annual Conventions of the Mattachine Society held since 1953, the only variations recalled from the announced programs were the non-appearance of a minor speaker at a luncheon, and the last-minute substitution of a roundtable chairman. In all other respects these programs have gone off like clock-work.

Apparently, other arrangements regarding housing of delegates and such matters one generally takes for

granted also went off far from smoothly. Such lapses are hardly impressive in the eyes of a world already severely critical of the homophile. Unfortunately, the previous Congress in Paris is still remembered for its incidents quite lacking in dignity and good taste.

What is the root of the difficulty? Is it, as some may claim, that ICSE is not worthy of support? This seems to be the attitude of several of the European groups. Or, is it that there is bad management somewhere along the line? Perhaps about all that can be said is that where difficulties occur and recur, there is something in need of improvement.

From a great distance it is undoubtedly hard to know about the many reasons why things happen and the various personality problems so vividly a part of such considerations. Yet, it is exactly by virtue of the distance that a certain impersonality of perspective may be achieved. At least this must be attempted.

In this light, what would appear to be the basic problem? First, let it be said that the concept of a coordinating group in some form, to act as a liason between the homophile organizations in various countries is a very valid one. The need exists. A way of satisfying it surely can be found. Second, perhaps a fundamental problem arises in that the seat of this group should be

in Europe. It is quite natural that it should have happened so, considering the number of homophile organizations there, yet, the whole maze of European historical and cultural divergencies tends to become involved quite involuntarily. It would almost seem that our European friends are largely unaware of the dangers and pitfalls arising from this. The Paris Congress vividly illustrated how the French mentality finds itself so often at odds with Germanic groups. Not quite as vigorously, but still with considerable warmth, the German, Belgian, Dutch, Scandinavian and Swiss groups find it difficult to submerge national attitudes in the common good. Nationalism still seems to have far more "voltage" to Europeans than it does in at least Canada and United States, composed as they are of countless races and nationalities. Surely the historical record of bitterness and wars bears out this simple fact. Yet, it seems often to be overlooked.

The homophile, if he is to surmount such obstacles must work with almost superhuman patience and forbearance. This critique profoundly recognizes that to be true, as if the homophile difficulties were not already enough in themselves! But the effort must be made. Either that, or defeat

acknowledged, and that is unthinkable.

This is why ONE supports ICSE while vividly aware of the need for its improvement.

It is reported that attendance at the serious sessions was small, less perhaps than at ONE's Midwinter Institutes, or a Mattachine Convention. Yet, at the social gatherings there were larger groups. It was to be expected that the number of serious-minded persons would be less than those interested in social gaiety and in a drag cabaret performance. However, for an international gathering in "intellectual" Europe, Americans must raise a few inquiring eyebrows. In fact, for some time the question has been floating around: are most of the European groups interested in much aside from social pleasantries? Is it a case of "morituri te saluent"? Or what?

We would not presume to examine brother organizations in this high-handed manner, whatever our views, but ICSE is something of which we all are a part. Either it represents us all, and all of us take a part in its formation and conduct and are held responsible for these, or it becomes something else entirely.

Marvin Cutler

FOUNDATION INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR SEX EQUALITY

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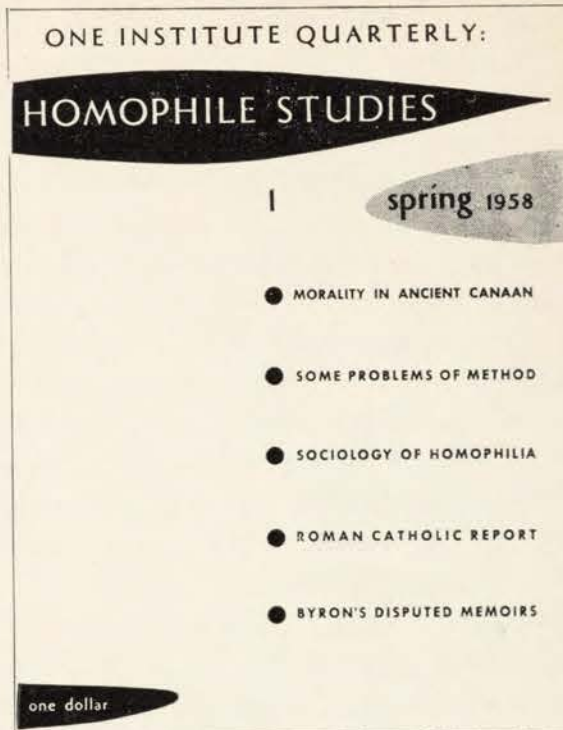
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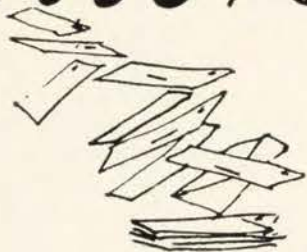
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Letters



Dear ONE:

My mother and father, like the parents of so many homosexuals, have rejected me. I wish that parents could realize that you as a homosexual are not a discredit to them. I grew up in a small family holding my parents in affectionate regard. They taught me how to love people and to trust them. This must be learned early, if it is to be deep enough to flower into wholesome maturity. As I encountered the world I learned how to understand impatience, unkindness, lack of integrity, cruelty, etc.

Learning to love is the most important skill and art, and it might well be described as just that—it is art, and it is habit. We cultivate the capacity to love through sympathetic understanding of life. When we understand this we no longer take misunderstandings personally. If we love others, sincerely love, without thought of self-fulfillment, we cannot help but bring them silently into the same harmonious orbit with ourselves. If we try to force others, we automatically set up obstructions to our aims.

Example is eloquent. Just be yourself. Only in giving to others can you still the fever of self-expression. Don't burn yourselves out emotionally fretting about what others may think of you, I would say. As you learn about yourself a growing sense of self-mastery replaces insecurity, and you will not care a fig about the judgment of others. People won't really bother you any more. Love is sufficient unto itself. With it, you hit the jackpot every time. But, never tilt the machine! If you do you go against the inviolable laws of human nature. Without love, and the ability to love we live only half a life.

Mr. S.
ALHAMBRA, CALIFORNIA

Dear ONE:

I wish someone in this country would do as much for us as you are doing for us in America. I have a friend my age (31). We have been together for over 10 years. We have just bought a very nice bungalow and are now saving up to buy carpets and furniture. I have a large collection of long-playing records and have photographed all the covers and made a catalogue of my records in pictures. My other hobby is collecting miniature bottles of spirits, such as whiskey and rum. I have over 500, all full, and all different. Hope you don't mind my writing to you like this. I feel if I can help you get more subscriptions from England it will help us as well as you and that I am doing some little thing to help our cause.

Mr. P.
SOUTHAMPTON, ENGLAND

Gentlemen:

I think you are to be commended in publishing the barbs as well as the bouquets which are thrown at you. It seems to me that some of my brethren are taking a short-range instead of a long-range view of the work you are doing.

Mr. P.
MENLO PARK, CALIFORNIA

Dear Sir:

May I congratulate you people on the work you are doing. Truly you are fighting a hard bitter battle to support our cause. Slowly, but surely, you will win that battle. As the old adage goes, "The slow way is the sure way."

Mr. K.
BRONX, N. Y.

Dear ONE:

Enjoyed the story "Harry" by Konrad (April, 1958). Your handsome young author tells a touching parable simply and well—and his translator is due a vote of thanks.

Does ONE know anyone qualified to speak on the homosexual's status in the income tax question? I'm certain that such a discussion would interest your readers.

Mr. T.
DALLAS, TEXAS

Dear Mr. Slater:

Diana Sterling's "Art on Saturday Night" (April, 1958) is a gem, and I've fallen in love with the remarkable drawing on the cover, by Mario de Graaf. I was disappointed in Frank Golovitz's article, "The Single Homosexual." It makes no point. Since my "marriage" (there must be some better word for it) I have accomplished more than I dreamed I could. This may sound terribly corny, but often the corny things are truth, but often my companion not only checks my rash impatience and "dresses me

down" when I'm misbehaving, he also believes in me.

Sure, I sometimes get awfully mad at him. Sure, he sometimes annoys me nearly to distraction with some of his quirks (and vice versa), but, so what? This is life, and nothing is perfectly satisfactory in life. But I love the guy and wouldn't give him up for the world's greatest lover or the Bank of England.

There is nothing like the trials and tribulations of a steady partnership to learn about yourself. The interplay of our philosophies, beliefs and backgrounds against which our homosexuality developed, and the experiences through which we each found self-acceptance—all of these are of importance in our understanding of each other. Every individual is a world in himself and communication is possible in only the smallest degree actually. Don't underestimate the homosexual "marriage." It is a wonderful thing for those who can find it.

Mr. S.
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Dear Editor:

Now comes Frank ("The Single Homosexual") Golovitz to say: "If a young man considers himself a girl, there's no harm in his trying to be a good wife to some big bruiser—but it isn't real homosexuality."

a drink they'd kick in with fifty cents pretty fast. If the poor little "faggots" can't afford the magazine the lesbians will buy it.

I'd buy ONE even if it cost double the price. Where else can I buy a magazine where the characters are **gay**, doing the things I've done and know about?

And now comes the May issue. The article, "Is Your Child Homosexual" is terrific. I wanted to shout with joy when I read it. Arnell Larsen (San Juan Capistrano) needs a lot more training. I mean: study of the better authors. The story was OK, but he needs a little more—well, polish may be the right word for it.

Miss W.
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Let me congratulate you on the fine May issue. Especially noteworthy was the splendid story by Arnell Larsen, which was beautifully done and an example of writing on a homosexual theme at its best.

I get quite a few letters from friends in Australia, inquiring about ONE, but the censorship there is so strict that I have discouraged them. Can ONE be mailed there?

Mr. B.
TOLEDO, OHIO

ARCADIE

Monthly magazine in French; literary and scientific, infrequent photos and drawings. \$9. yearly.

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"Real homosexuals are rare, even if homosexual practices may be commonplace," declares Vardis Fisher, in his book, **God or Caesar**. Will you ask Mr. G. (Fisher didn't explain himself) for more information? I'm curious to know how real I am.

Mr. K.
ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Dear ONE:

I don't know whether I'm imagining it or not, but your magazine seems to be improving! "The Single Homosexual" is the best article I have seen in ONE. Also, "Art on Saturday Night" was good. I see that Mr. T. feels that fifty cents is "too much," and that the other "faggots" can't afford it either. I'll bet if they wanted to buy a good-looking guy

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Subscribers in many parts of Australia and New Zealand have been receiving their copies of ONE without difficulties of any kind ever since the Magazine was founded.

Dear Mr. Lambert:

Congratulations on the May issue. It is the best yet; and, for my vote, the story "Mission San Juan Capistrano" is outstanding on every count.

Mr. M.
RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

Dear Mr. A. (March, 1958, "Letters"):

Many of us know that there is nothing wrong **per se** in being attracted to teen-agers. What is unkind or hurtful is wrong, and that

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VRIENDSCHAP

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is all there is to morality. As Kinsey pointed out, sexual needs are greatest in the teens, and it doesn't take much thought to conclude that, if the prohibition which you and so many others deplore were removed, there would be much less youthful vandalism and juvenile delinquency.

I think we can be heartened at the smallest step the public takes away from sexual taboos; although we can't expect it to do much striding, it may come to realize that it is simultaneously removing from itself one of the greatest sources of crime, and if so, we can expect it to lengthen its steps somewhat.

Mr. H.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Dear Mr. Gregory:

I'm an old man now. I've craved affection for 74 years. I crave affection more than sex, but believe me, both desire and performance are possible and extremely delightful at 74. I've never run round looking for sex, but I've often looked into a man's eyes and desired to love him, but dared never speak. I've been in

love with a man many years and never even spoken to him. Such is the torture of the law in this country, and yours. They talk of British justice. There is no justice if a man's a homosexual.

Our doctors don't understand us at all, and don't want to, nor do our lawyers. They call us **perverts**. What rot! What God made us, so we remain till death. I married, thinking love for a woman might grow. What a fool I was! How could it? For a homosexual man to marry a woman as I did is wrong and against God. He made me that I should love men and want a man's affection, and I sinned when I married.

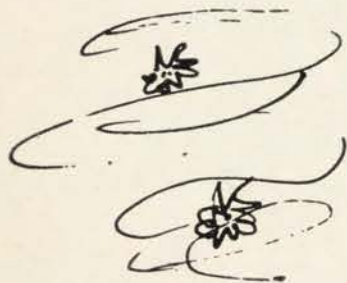
You may think that at 74 one has no strong desire. Be both disillusioned and encouraged. Desire, I believe, lives till man's last breath is out, anyway, in me, desire still lives strongly.

Believe me I do understand all the different types. Some I think could behave a bit better, but it's hard and perhaps stupid to put up the fight I do to remain outwardly respectable and within the law.

Mr. C.

NORTH ISLAND, NEW ZEALAND

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